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earlier Fathers more studied. The more sagacious apologists of Rome—Cardinal Cusanus for instance—perceived that new ground must be taken, and that Scripture and tradition would not suffice, without claiming for the Church an inherent right to constitute, from time to time, as occasion should arise, new doctrines of faith. The Council of Trent, afraid, probably, of sanctioning such a palpable departure from the mediæval system, which it was its great object and business to uphold, ignored the idea of anything like novelty in the Church teaching, and, accordingly, with more boldness than wisdom, stereotyped the good old principle of Scripture and Tradition, with, however, the all-important addition, that both were of equal and co-ordinate authority. The continued progress of Scriptural knowledge and patristic learning, which took place after the Reformation, soon proved that this position of the Tridentine Fathers was untenable, and that if the dogmas of Rome were to be defended at all, the aid of some new auxiliary must be called in. That auxiliary is the theory of development. Those who adopted it were not blind to the formidable objection which it would furnish Protestants with against the alleged immutability of the Church of Rome. But they had no alternative. Inconsistency in the parts of the Papal edifice was judged preferable to its total demolition.

What we have been saying leads us naturally to reflect upon the variations of the *invariable* Church, and that, too, on a question which, of all others, ought to admit of a definite and fixed answer—viz., What is the Rule of Faith? Is it all times unchanged and unchangeable, built upon the immutable basis of Scripture and unbroken apostolic tradition? Or does it depend on an ever-growing process of development, evolving new truths, or competent to evolve them in each succeeding age? On the one side, we have the infallible Council of Trent, with a countless array of the most renowned champions of Rome. On the other, we have an almost equal consensus of authorities, including, at least, one infallible successor of St. Peter (Leo X). Some few, as Möhler and Perrone, have undertaken the hopeless task of reconciling both theories. And some, again, as Cardinal Wiseman, have passed from one to the other, as circumstances rendered it expedient to do so. The magniloquent periods relative to the immutability of the doctrine of the [Roman] Catholic Church, which were so well adapted to the apprehensions and prejudices of a popular auditory, were laid aside when it became necessary to defend the opinions of a long-coveted and highly prized convert; albeit they are opinions which more scrupulous theologians of the same Church have pronounced to be subversive of the Catholic faith and even of Christianity itself.

This is the Church which boasts of unity of faith, and taunts Protestants with their divisions! There are, doubtless, divisions and variations enough amongst us, Protestants, upon minor points. That there should be such differences is part of the trial and discipline to which the visible Church is subjected in this lower world. But our differences do not touch upon the vital question of the Rule of Faith. Upon this, at least, we are all agreed. The *Bible alone*, the *Written Word of God*, is the immutable basis upon which the faith of Protestants is built. This foundation is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The reflection of the mind of Him, with whom is no variability, neither shadow of turning, it continues from age to age, unchanged and unchangeable, the single fixed point amidst the ever-shifting things of time.

Let the Church of Rome then boast, if she will, of her perpetually-preserved apostolical traditions; or, if she prefers it, let her luxuriate in her ever-growing infallible developments. We envy her not. We are content to take our stand on the simple written Word of God. For we believe that this is the rock upon which the faith of the Church shall securely repose, until that blessed consummation shall arrive, when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ.

#### ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

OUR readers are probably aware that several Roman Catholic newspapers have, from time to time, expressed their dissatisfaction with our periodical, and have endeavoured to dissuade those with whom they have influence from reading it. It will, therefore, be considered very pardonable curiosity on our part, if we have desired to make ourselves acquainted with the literature which does obtain the commendation of the authorities referred to, and if we have tried to find out what is the kind of instruction which they consider adapted to the wants of the people. We have made known some of the results of our studies, in the articles which we have lately published on the life of St. Philomena, and on Father Faber's book, "All for Jesus;" and we intend, in the present article, to give an account of another number of "The Young Christian's Library," which has lately come under our notice. In our former articles we had occasion to remark on the recklessness with which, in these books, things not very probable in themselves were asserted positively, without a shadow of historical evidence; and we were forced to the conclusion, that one of the questions which the authors of these books cared least to be able to answer was, whether the things they wrote were true. We can conceive, however, that some persons may consider this a matter of subordinate importance. They may say, as some have said, "these lives are edifying and

instructive; even if every thing related in them did not happen exactly as it is told, the histories afford useful examples for imitation; if they do not show what the life of a saint actually has been, they show, at least, what it *might* or *ought* to have been, and so they may give the readers help to become saints themselves." Well, we determined to read over one of these books solely from this point of view; not to trouble our heads about the evidence for the stories contained in it, but simply to see whether they were instructive and edifying, and whether the models proposed for our imitation were such as we should wish those for whom we had a regard, to follow. We have selected *Sr. ROSE OF LIMA*, merely because her life was the last number of "The Young Christian's Library," published at the time of our procuring the volume; we believe, however, that she may be taken as a fair specimen of a saint, and that the stories told of her are not very different in kind from those told of the others whose names have been added within the last few hundred years to the Canon. We say within the last few hundred years, because the title of saint was obtained on much easier terms formerly, than now-a-days; every distinguished theological writer whose works are 600 years old, and free from the taint of heresy, is given this "handle to his name"; it is only in modern times that miracles, and voluntary torments, are required from a candidate for the title.

We abridge, from Mr. Duffy's volume, the following summary of the leading facts of St. Rose's life—as to the truth of which we shall not now raise any question. She was born on the 20th April, 1586, of respectable parents, at Lima, in Peru. Her first vocation to a religious life was felt when she was of the age of four years. "As she was playing one day with her little brother, he accidentally threw a quantity of mud on her hair; being neat and orderly in her attire, she was naturally vexed at this, and was on the point of going away in a sullen mood," when her brother appeased her with the excuse which would naturally occur to a child of his years, "my dear sister, do not be angry at this accident, for the curled ringlets of girls are hellish cords which enchain the hearts of men, and miserably drag them into everlasting flames." "Rose hearkened to these words as if they had been pronounced by a holy preacher of God, or as an oracle from heaven. She communed with herself, renounced this world [of which, at that time, she had such profound knowledge] for ever, and, finally, at the age of five years, by an irrevocable vow, consecrated her virgin purity to Almighty God, and solemnly promised to have no other spouse but him alone. We are taught in the fourth commandment that we should honour and obey our parents in all things lawful, and no saint has set us a brighter example of exact obedience to this law than St. Rose of Lima; but there are some things which we cannot do even to please our parents, and St. Rose has taught us the way to act in such perplexity, when it would seem clear that, while God commands one thing our parents command another."

This embarrassment soon arose with poor Rose, for her mother had eleven children to provide for, and would have been very glad if she could have married one of them off her hands; but Rose was determined to carry out the irrevocable vow which she had made, and not only to avoid marriage, but all which might lead to marriage. She was commanded, for instance, by her mother, to wear a band of flowers on her head. She obeyed; but in memory of the Redeemer's crown of thorns, "took the wreath, and fixed it on her head with a large pin, which pierced so deep into her flesh that it could not be drawn out without the aid of a surgeon, and even then with much difficulty. That she might not join in those vain assemblies and visits of which the world is so fond, she was in the habit of rubbing her eyes with pimento—a kind of burning Indian pepper—which rendered her eyes as red as fire, and so painful that she could not bear the light. To her mother, who remonstrated with her, she replied—"It would be much better for me, my dear mother, to be blind all the rest of my life than to be obliged to see the vanities and follies of the world."

Notwithstanding all this she remained so alarmingly beautiful that, "in order to extinguish the flames of passion which burned in the hearts of others, she used every artifice to disfigure herself. She made her face pale and livid with fasting; she washed her hands in hot lime to take the skin off them." Finally, she removed to a little village named Canta, and remained there four years without leaving the house. This last measure, however, was injudiciously adopted, and spoiled the effect of her other proceedings. Possibly it was more than female nature could bear, to witness the too great success of her efforts to disfigure herself; at all events, the son of one of the most distinguished ladies of Lima, who, we suppose, remembered her former beauty, but was prevented by her seclusion from observing the effects of the red pepper and hot lime, asked her in marriage. "The proposal was very agreeable to her mother, who, having eleven children, as before mentioned, to provide for, was happy at the prospect of an alliance so advantageous to her daughter. But Rose had given her virginity to God; and having a perfect abhorrence of the very thought of marriage, openly declared that she would never consent. Threats and caresses were alike vain. Blows and injuries were heaped upon her by her parents, but with no other effect than to make her more constant in her resolutions. She bore them all as her model, St. Catherine of Sienna, had done before her."

"In order to defeat the machinations of the enemies of her purity, she resolved to put on the habit of the third order of St. Dominic. This determination was confirmed by two miracles." We think it enough to give one of them, merely remarking that the other was an event equally supernatural.

"In the vast plains of Lima, amidst the countless butterflies that flit to and fro in the sunshine of that lovely climate, there is one prettily marked with black and white, the colours of the order of St. Dominic. One of these insects came and fluttered continually around her, and, as she was then looking about for indications of the will of God, she took this to be a second intimation from him that she should again follow the steps of St. Catherine, and become a religious of the third order of St. Dominic. She received the habit solemnly, at the age of twenty, on the 10th day of August, 1606."

Having brought our story to this point, we would, before going further, make a few remarks on one of the lessons taught to the little girls for whom their parents buy these "sweet little penny books" of Mr. Duffy's.

It seems to be one of the essential points in the life of a female saint that she should, while still a child, make a vow of perpetual celibacy. St. Philomena, it will be remembered, made such a vow at the age of ten; St. Rose, being, we suppose, twice as virtuous, made her's at the age of five. Promises so made are treated as irrevocably binding; and a child who altogether sets at naught, and defies the wishes of her parents in this matter, is described as choosing to obey God rather than man. What is here told of St. Rose and St. Philomena is repeated, with variations, in nearly all the lives of female saints that we remember; and in these religious romances the parents of the heroine fill the part which is assigned to the villain of secular romances. Those who have addicted themselves to the study of the old school of novels, know that it was the heroine's fate, after having in early life given her heart to a youth in every way worthy of it, to be invariably pursued by the machinations of a villain, from whose arts she is only finally delivered near the end of the third volume. In these religious romances it is the parents of the heroine who are intended to excite the reader's alarm (if anything can alarm a reader experienced enough to know how all such stories end); with "threats and caresses, blows and injuries" they seek to drive her from her purpose, but in vain; and her successful resistance is, at length, rewarded by reception into some distinguished nunnery.

We are inclined to believe, in charity, that the good priests who are the authors of these stories, not having any families of their own, are led into error through their ignorance as to the class of ideas of which the mind of a child of five years old is capable. We scarcely think that they would represent promises as binding made by a person ignorant of the meaning of what he was promising, or of the value of what he was giving away. If, for example, a man should prevail on a young child to promise to give him an estate to which the child was entitled when it should come of age, such an engagement would not be considered by any one as binding. Now, if our readers will try the experiment with the next child of five years old they meet, we think they will find them likely to possess a much more accurate idea, even as to what is meant by giving away an estate, than as to what is meant by "consecrating to God their virgin purity and making a vow of perpetual celibacy."

But see how the thing works in practice. A Roman Catholic little girl (if entitled to property in her own right so much the better), is asked how she would like to be a nun. Perhaps she goes to a nun's school; at all events she can form no other idea of a nun than a lady wearing a peculiar grand dress, living in a fine house, and thought holier and better than everybody else. She comes to the conclusion that to be a nun would be a very charming thing, and she forms her childish resolution accordingly. If her parents have treated her to Mr. Duffy's little books, she reads in them that such a resolution as she has taken is *irrevocable*; that it is an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, not to be repented of without sacrilege. If her parents disapprove of her plans she is taught that it will be the highest exercise of Christian virtue to set their wishes at defiance. We recommend any of our Roman Catholic friends, who would be sorry that their children took up these ideas, to look well to the kind of instruction they are providing for them.

We must not omit to remark how opposed to God's law are the lessons thus taught by Mr. Duffy to the "Young Christians" of Ireland. All human laws follow the dictates of common sense in this matter, and do not permit minors to enter into engagements against the consent of their parents. And so, in like manner, in the laws given by God to the Jewish nation, vows made to God, by an unmarried female, are treated as invalid if contrary to the consent of her parents.—See Numbers xxx. 5., R.C. Bible. "But if her father, immediately as soon as he heard it, gainsay it, both her vows and her oaths shall be void, neither shall she be bound to what she promised, because her father hath gainsaid it." Here we see that Moses would have decided St. Rose's perplexity in the case "where it would seem that God commanded one thing and the parents another," in precisely the opposite way from that in which St. Rose decided it. The Jews, however, are blamed by our Lord for adding to the laws which Moses gave them, traditions of man's devising; and it is singular that this very com-

mand of obedience to parents was the one which he censure them for tampering with. The Jewish Doctors of those days taught those who wished to be relieved from the necessity of obeying their father and mother to devote as a gift, to the service of God, whatever their parents required of them. "Well ye make void the commandment of God that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, 'Honour thy father and thy mother; and he that shall curse father or mother dying let him die.' But you say, if a man shall say to his father or mother, Corban (which is a gift), whatsoever is from me shall profit thee; and, farther, ye suffer him not to do anything for his father or his mother; making void the Word of God by your tradition, which ye have given forth, and many such like things ye do."—Mark vii. 9-13, Douay Bible.

We think any candid mind must be struck by the resemblance between the traditions with which the Jewish teachers corrupted God's Word, and these traditions now taught in the Church of Rome; in both cases the plain command of God, "Honour thy father and mother," is set aside, under the pretext of offering God honour in some other way which he has not commanded; both have alike reason to apprehend the Saviour's rejection of such attempts to do him honour,—"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

We return now to the history of Rose, and proceed to give an account of the merits by which she obtained the title of saint. We are told that she was humble to a pre-eminent degree. "For she always chose for herself the vilest occupations of the house, and considered herself infinitely below a servant; she would frequently cast herself at the feet of a poor country girl, named Marianne, who worked in the house, and entreat her earnestly to beat her; to spit upon her; to trample her under her feet; and treat her as the most contemptible creature in the world. She thought herself a burden useless to the world and odious to nature; and, if any misfortune befel the family, she said it was her own sins that had drawn it down as a chastisement from heaven." As Rose obtained the honours of saintship, we are bound to believe that she was quite free from affectation in all this, and that she seriously expected Marianne to take her at her word.

"Her fasts and austerities were truly astonishing, and such as only the grace of God can enable the greatest of saints to impose upon themselves. At six years of age, she began to fast three times a week on bread and water. At fifteen, she made a vow never to eat meat, unless compelled by those who had authority over her, and whom she thought she could not disobey without sin. Her mother, seeing her face pale and emaciated with long fasting, used to blame her conduct, and even wished to persuade her that she committed a mortal sin, by denying to herself the necessary nourishment for the preservation of life. She obliged her to sit at table with the rest of the family, and fare as the others did. But St. Rose would beg the servant to offer her only a sort of dish made without salt, composed of a crust of coarse bread and a handful of very bitter herbs. She was accustomed to gather wild herbs in the forest and to cultivate them carefully in her own garden, that she might have the materials for self-denial ready at hand. Her fast, in general, was so strict and rigorous that in twenty-four hours she took nothing but a piece of bread and a little water. From the beginning of Lent she left off bread, contenting herself with a few orange pippins every day of the forty that are consecrated to penance; on Fridays she took only five. She was known to make a moderate-sized loaf and a pitcher of water last fifty days. Another time she remained seven weeks without drinking a drop of water or any other liquor; and towards the end of her life she sometimes passed several successive days without eating or drinking. It was generally believed in Lima that she passed weeks without eating or drinking, and that when necessity compelled her to drink a little water to assuage the burning heat which consumed her, she would drink it warm, in order to mortify the pleasure which she would have enjoyed from drinking cold water."

"Nor was she content to emaciate her delicate body by fasting alone. She daily drew from her flesh streams of blood, with iron chains, and other instruments of penance. After she became a nun, she was not content with a common sort of discipline; she made one for herself, of two iron chains, with which she gave herself such frightful blows every night that her blood sprinkled the wall, and made a stream in the middle of the room. When her confessor, alarmed at the excess of her disciplines, had ordered her to discontinue to discipline herself with her iron chain, she made it into three rows, and wore it round her body; and, after passing the ends through the ring of a padlock, she threw the key into a corner, where it could not be found. This chain very soon worked its way through the skin, and cut the flesh so deeply, that it buried itself, and was no longer visible. . . . Besides this chain, she wore a most severe hair shirt, mixed with the points of needles; and rubbed herself with nettles and thorns, making her body one entire wound and blister. Being still insatiable in her desire of pain, she determined yet more exactly to copy her Lord and Saviour, who had worn a crown of thorns for her's and our sake. When very young she made herself a crown of pewter, studded with little sharp-pointed nails, which she wore several years of her innocent life. In after years she constructed a circlet, of a plate of silver, three fingers broad, in which she fixed three rows of sharp points, in honour of the thirty-three

years which the Son of God lived on earth. Cutting off her hair that the points might enter more freely, she wore this crown beneath her veil, in such a way, that the least agitation or motion of her body caused these iron thorns to tear her flesh, and pierce her head in ninety-nine places. Every Friday she tied this circlet more tightly, and made it come down upon her forehead, till it pierced the cartilage of her ears in many places."

"She made herself a bed, in the form of a chest, and filled it with rough stones, of different sizes. The bed still seeming too soft, she added three pieces of twisted and knotted wood, and filled up the space with three hundred pieces of broken tiles, placed so as to wound and tear the body. Upon this terrible cross she never placed herself without trembling and shuddering, while the blood seemed to freeze in her veins."

We think that the account we have given of her austerities will content most of our readers; and we shall, therefore, merely say, in conclusion, that by such a course of conduct she brought herself to the grave in the thirty-second year of her age; dying in such torments that she told her friends that she believed that when she died her bones would be found reduced to ashes, and the marrow dried up, from the effects of the burning heat which she endured.

But, now that we have finished, we have still to ask, what are the merits by which she deserved the especial title of saint? What useful thing did she do during her life? How did she promote the glory of God, and the good of her fellow-creatures? We can find no satisfactory answer to these questions in Mr. Duffy's book; and, as far as he has informed us, it may be strictly true that Rose was, what she confessed herself to be, "a burden, useless to the world," "a miserable sinner, who had given much trouble and uneasiness to the house in which she lived." All that Mr. Duffy records is, that she was very ingenious in tormenting herself; but it does not appear whether she did any good to any body else.

But our Roman Catholic friends will ask, does not the mere fact of the fortitude with which she bore her self-inflicted sufferings, suffice to give her a claim to rank among the heroines of Christendom? Must we not believe that she was one of those who went straight to heaven, without passing through purgatory; for what need of purgatorial torments can one have who bore so many torments in this life?

And yet all must acknowledge that the voluntary infliction of torments such as those of Rose, is not, *by itself*, a proof of supernatural grace. The feats of Rose in this way—her voluntary abstinences, and her voluntary tortures—are not only paralleled, but outdone, by the heathen devotees of India. We will not venture to say how long some of them have remained without nourishment; it is no uncommon thing to find others who, in performance of a vow, have kept their arm immovably in one position, until they have become unable to move it again. At some of their feasts they will come in succession, till the head is too weary and the heart too sick to count them, to have hot spikes thrust through their tongues, their cheeks, their arms; and to have hooks passed through the fleshy part of the back, and be swung by them at the height of thirty or forty feet from the ground.

Now, if these Indians were asked the reason why they endured these tortures, they could give a more consistent explanation of their conduct than St. Rose and the others who have acted as she is said to have done. The Hindoos worship a Deity who is supposed to take pleasure in the sufferings of mankind, to the honour of whom their rites are well adapted. But how can such practices be acceptable to the God whom we worship, a God of mercy, and tenderness, and love? It is because of the false notions as to the character of God, which such stories as Mr. Duffy circulates, are calculated to instil, that we especially feel called on to draw attention to them. God is represented throughout merely as a Being of stern justice, not to say, of cruelty; only some few heroic Christians are described as admitted to approach Him directly; and *their* whole lives are, in consequence, a scene of torment and suffering; while the mass of Christians, at humbler distance, are recommended to have recourse to these saintly mediators, in hope to find from them the mercy they dare not expect from the Redeemer. These are representations which fill us with sorrow and indignation.

It is true that we all believe our God to be a God of justice, and we know that we have, by our sins, grievously offended against him; but what is kept in the back ground in these books of Mr. Duffy's is, that he is also a God of infinite love, who spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for our sakes; and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin. The justice of God is no longer the enemy of those who love him; it has been completely satisfied by Christ's all-sufficient atonement; nor is it required of his people to attempt the impossible task of making, by their own sufferings, expiation for their sins. We own that the sufferings of Christ are alluded to in the biographies we are reviewing; but they are spoken of rather as examples for the saints to follow than as an atonement, making expiatory sufferings on their own part unnecessary.

There was once on a time a father who, when his house was on fire, rescued his two daughters from the flames—a task which he did not accomplish without severe burns and great risk of life. Both girls were filled with gratitude to their father for his sufferings on their account. The one

showed her gratitude by devoted attention to her father, by striving in every way to do his will and to anticipate his wishes; the other thought the best way to make her father a pleasant return for what he had suffered for her sake was by occasionally putting her own fingers into the candle, holding hot coals in her hands, pouring boiling water inside her clothes, and in other ways making herself miserable. Nor could her sister persuade her that it gave her father no pleasure to see her suffer; that the very reason he had endured so much was to save her from pain; and that though he had acted rightly in not shrinking from suffering where there was good cause, she would not be justified in inflicting on herself gratuitous and unmeaning tortures.

If such a case occurred in common life, no one would be at a loss what judgment to pass on it; yet in religious matters the first kind of gratitude finds no favour with Roman Catholic teachers, who reserve all their admiration for the second, as divine and truly heroic.

We think there can be no doubt, that such conduct as that attributed to Rose of Lima is not only not meritorious, but positively sinful. All are agreed that suicide is a grievous sin; and no one has any greater right to inflict on themselves a lingering suicide, or to shorten their lives by self-inflicted tortments. But all the guilt of such conduct is not to be laid at the door of the unhappy victim of it; much must be visited on the priests and confessors, and others who, by their approbation, urge it on. For, after all, the process by which a poor nun is led down the melancholy path which ends in canonization is so simple, that we only wonder there are not more candidates for the honour. When the doors of the convent are closed upon the poor girl, if the rules of her order do not admit of her being occupied in education or in attendance on the sick, she must seek for something to fill up the place which her worldly employments had held in her thoughts; she must look for some object for her existence. What is more natural than to endeavour to make some further advance in the road to superior sanctity, of which her very entrance into the convent was the first step? She strives to make her life conformed to that of those whom her church sets before her as models. Rose adopted her system of tortures from a desire to imitate Catherine of Sienna. What wonder that others should desire to rival Rose? It appears from her life, that Rose, by her self-inflicted tortures, obtained the frequent visits of saints and angels, and heard Christ himself uttering the words—"Rose of my heart be thou my bride." How is the poor recluse to doubt the reality of scenes attested by her Church, or to question the lawfulness of self-murder, supported by the highest of her commended models? What limits are to be placed to the zeal of her who has been taught that she can best please God by tormenting a frail body and that a self-inflicted death will endear her to her heavenly bridegroom?

Innumerable examples have proved that people will not unfrequently be found who, without any religious motive at all to animate them, will submit to the greatest pain and privation, in order to excite the wonder, or the respect, or admiration of those with whom they live. Within the last few years two or three instances have occurred, in our own country, of impostors who pretended that they lived without eating, and who, in order to carry out the appearance of abstinence, must have practised immense self-denial, with no apparent object but that of exciting wonder and admiration. With what far greater force must such motives act when they have the sanction of religion? How are the bleeding steps of the candidate saint supported by the honour and approbation of those who surround her! What praises she receives from her confessor! What an honour to the convent to which she belongs, if they have got a genuine saint to produce—one who fasts, and scourges, and disciplines herself after the most approved models! And so it is, that by the application of moral force alone, tortures, which would be thought too severe for an atrocious criminal, are inflicted on an unoffending girl, with no other fault than that of a weak and superstitious mind.

The conclusion, then, to which we wish to bring our readers is, that self-torture is not, *in itself*, a virtue. We believe that the good of mankind is the only legitimate ground for the voluntary endurance of pain; and we only approve of the exercise of such moderate privations as are employed as a discipline of mind and body, in order to acquire that habit of rational self-denial, without which extensive usefulness is impossible.

We have only, in conclusion, to mention one very important particular in which our idea of saints differs from that of the compilers of "The Young Christian's Library." We believe that it is the business of *all* Christians to be saints; that every one of us is bound to show his gratitude to the utmost of his abilities for the mercies the Saviour has bestowed on him, and that no one has a dispensation from practising whatever rules may most tend to our Lord's glory. In our opinion, Christian biography—the lives of people who have been distinguished for holiness and virtue—is profitable reading, only if those who study their biography strive to follow their good example, so as with them to be partakers of God's heavenly kingdom. But the view held by the Roman Catholics is, that saints are a class of people to be admired rather than imitated. We do not suppose a dozen Roman Catholic parents would purchase St. Rose's life, if they thought there was much danger of their daughters imitating her red pepper and hot

lime, her iron chains and broken tile mattresses. In Mr. Faber's book, which we have so often had before occasion to refer to, he modestly disclaims as absurd the notion that he should write a book for any one trying to be a saint. His aim he states to be, "affectionately to ask people to think, if they will not be saints, whether they will not love our dearest Lord as far as Calvary, without committing themselves to the crucifixion." But, after all, the real test of the goodness of doctrine is to see how it would work if everybody practised it. We can conceive no scene of greater happiness than the world would exhibit if everybody was a saint according to our notion of what is meant by the word; if everybody was full of love to God and to his neighbour; if selfishness were destroyed, sinful passions conquered, the promotion of God's glory the chief object in every one's thought—why, it would be no longer earth, it would be heaven. But suppose every one was a saint according to Mr. Duffy's model—suppose every one held the very thought of marriage in abhorrence—suppose every one endeavoured to improve on the way in which God Almighty had made him, and strove with hot lime, iron chains, dirt, and red pepper, to make his person as disagreeable to his neighbours as God, no doubt, would have made it if he had intended saints of Mr. Duffy's class to be general—suppose every one were to take as little food as nature would submit to, and that the noise of the iron discipline was continually resounding; that nothing was to be seen but pale faces, livid flesh, and bleeding shoulders—what a scene the world would present! it would be no longer earth, it would be—purgatory. Now, if any of our readers will but just look about him in the world, and see how God has made every natural object beautiful to the eye—how every sight, and scent, and sound of nature is full of pleasure, except where sin has depraved and polluted it—we are content to leave it to his decision to say which of these two kinds of saints is the kind with which the Author of Nature wished His world to be full.

#### THE LANDLORD'S LETTER.

I DON'T know whether any of those who now read the CATHOLIC LAYMAN ever heard of such a place as Ballintubber. Once on a time I wrote one or two accounts of some of the doings there, which were printed in this paper; but it is so long ago that you have had time to forget it; and, besides, I hear that a great many more read the CATHOLIC LAYMAN now than used to do then. Well, at any rate, I was reminded that I had not then time to tell any of the reasons the people of Ballintubber had for not liking Mr. Grip, the agent, so I may as well tell you now; and as what I am now going to tell you happened before any of the things I told of before, those that didn't read the old numbers of this paper will be the better able to understand my story.

If Mr. Grip didn't turn out well as an agent, it was no blame to those that appointed him, for the agency had been in his family for about a hundred years; and there never was an honest man or one that managed better than his grandfather, old Anthony Grip. However, it was a great temptation to them, things being left so much in their power. The Sherwins lived altogether on the Continent, and the agent might do very much as he pleased. As long as old Anthony lived, things went on very well; but the son was a very different man from his father; and if he was bad, the grandson was worse. By degrees they introduced a good many new rules into the management of the estate; and the object of all these rules was the screwing money out of the tenantry, very little of which, I may tell you, went into the landlord's pocket. The way they managed was—first to make some little change in one of the old rules; they would generally choose the time when one of the tenants died to change the rule a little, and make some new exaction from the son; and if he objected, they bullied him, or they told him "it was always so"—it was one of the "regulations of the estate"—"they must know better than he;" and so when they got one rule well established, they tried another, and so on, until the tenantry were in such a bad condition that you would never know the place for the same it had been in old Anthony's time.

One thing, perhaps, which made the tenants submit to all this was the state of ignorance they were kept in; you could hardly blame the Sherwin family for this, for they had founded good schools on the estate, and left fine endowments for the master; but O'Reilly, the schoolmaster, was son-in-law to Mr. Grip, and played into his hands; it suited his laziness not to give his pupils more instruction than he could help; and, besides, perhaps he thought the less the people knew the more likely they would be to submit to those they knew to be wiser than themselves, and the less chance there would be of any complaints reaching the landlord's ears.

The first thing that made a great change in Ballintubber was, that some of the boys that found it hard to live there went over to America and thrived very well there; you may be sure they were anxious to let their friends at home know of their good luck; and their poor fathers and mothers, at Ballintubber, wanted to send them news of home, from time to time, and it was then they found reason to be sorry for their want of education. Those that were best taught of them thought it a great thing if they could spell their way through one of the stories in the reading book, miscalling

half the words; and when they grew up they generally forgot what they knew; and as for writing, not one of them was ever taught such a thing. The poor boys in America had to go about looking for some one to write their letters for them; and, when the letters came over, Mr. O'Reilly, who was postmaster, had to read them as well to the people, and to write their letters back again for them. If he had had an idle life before, I can tell you his place then was no easy one; however, if his ill-wishers are to be believed, he did not lose by his trouble. At least I was told of several remittances of money that were said to be sent over by the boys in America to their families, and I know that nothing was ever heard about them by the people in Ballintubber, who, to be sure, had to be contented with knowing as much of their letters as Mr. O'Reilly was pleased to tell them. I don't think they suspected anything, but, at any rate, they did not like this state of things; and Tim Callaghan, in particular, came to Mr. O'Reilly, and insisted that his son Pat should be taught to write: so did Michael Kelly, and several others of the people of the village. Mr. O'Reilly tried to laugh and talk them out of this foolish notion, and wanted to know why they wanted their children to be wiser than any of the people of Ballintubber for the last hundred years; and asked whether the education that had been good enough for themselves was not good enough for their children. However, the people were positive, and, at last, Mr. O'Reilly thought it best to give in; for he knew very well that writing was one of the things which, as schoolmaster, he was bound to teach. So there was a writing class in Ballintubber school; and Pat Callaghan, especially, took to the writing greatly, and could not only write a fair hand himself, but he could read writing—hand as well as some of them could read printed books. Now, Pat was a sharp lad, and it happened that one evening that he had been sent up to Mr. O'Reilly's to buy some trifle or other—for Mrs. O'Reilly had a little shop, and sold threads and tapes, and other little odds and ends—Pat noticed a paper on the chimney-piece behind the counter, and brought back word to his father that there was a letter directed to him at Mr. O'Reilly's. So, next morning, Tim Callaghan went up, and Pat with him, and asked Mr. O'Reilly for the letter for him.

"There's no letter for you," said Mr. O'Reilly.

"No letter!" said Tim, looking rather blank.

"No," said Mr. O'Reilly; "what letter should there be? there has been no American mail these three weeks."

"Why, sir," says young Pat, as sharp as you please, "there's the letter I mean on the chimney-piece."

"Oh, that letter," said Mr. O'Reilly; "not stirring to give it him. 'I thought, of course, you expected a letter from America; that letter is nothing but the letter from the landlord, Mr. Sherwin.'"

"A letter from the landlord," cried Tim; "well, if his honour has been pleased to write to me, sure that's the letter, of all others, I'd like to have."

"It's not to you, man, in particular," returned Mr. O'Reilly; "it's a circular to all the tenantry, containing some of the rules for the management of the estate, and directions for the cropping of your land."

"I'm delighted to hear it, sir," said Tim; "it will be of great use to us; will you hand it over to me if you please, sir."

"Use to you! What use would it be to you? Do you think, that ignorant people like you would understand it properly? Mr. Grip has got the circular, and understands it all, and you'll just take your directions from him, as usual, without troubling your own heads about it."

"But, sir," said Tim, "if Mr. Sherwin had intended the letter for Mr. Grip only, would not he have sent it straight to him? When he directed the letter to us, it looks like a poor compliment to the master if we wouldn't try and read it, and try and get as much good as we can by it. So, if you please, sir, I will take it home with me and try to understand it, and if I can't, why, if it does me no good it can do me no harm."

"No," said Mr. O'Reilly, "the mischief would just be that you'd be fancying you understood it, and going as you thought by it, when, in reality, you'd be going all wrong. So I have strict orders from Mr. Grip not to let any one have a copy of the letter except those that bring me written orders from him."

"But, sir," says Tim, "when the letter is directed to me, aren't you bound to give it to me?"

"Are you going to teach me my duty as postmaster?" says Mr. O'Reilly. "Do you think the government would have set me over the letters if I wasn't to have my discretion who to give letters to or not? What difference does it make to you whether you get it or not? Sure you're bound to take the meaning of it from me. You'd never know there was a letter at all here for you if I did not tell you or show it to you. Only for me you'd not know how to read a line of it. Many's the letter has come from America that you couldn't have made sense of at all, if I didn't expound it to you. So you may be as well content to take it from me first as last. You can't help depending on me; and it's as good for you just to take the meaning of Mr. Sherwin's letter from the rules we give you, without troubling your own head about it."

"Then won't I get the letter, sir?" said Tim.

"Will you be off out of that, and not be crowding up the place all day?" cried Mr. O'Reilly, in a thundering voice; and Tim Callaghan moved off, not knowing exactly what to say, and yet not more than half satisfied.

When Tim came home he spoke to several of the tenants, and told them there was a letter for them from the landlord, that they could not get. However, when he explained to them the reason why, there was only Michael Kelly and one or two more that grumbled a little; the rest said, "why if we couldn't understand it what good would it be to us?" And Michael Kelly only said, "I wonder the master hadn't more sense than to go to the trouble of writing us a letter that we can't understand."

The more Tim thought of the matter the less he was pleased at not being allowed to see this letter; for there was another of the "regulations of the estate" of which I must tell you a little now, which he found very hard to make agree with this. It was one time that the tenantry had become dissatisfied with something or other, or had some favour to ask, I forget what, from the landlord, and having no one else to come to, they came to Mr. O'Reilly, to get him to write for them. He didn't make any difficulty about writing. Quite the contrary; he told them that it was the landlord's wish that they should send him a letter, once a week, giving him a report of the state of the farms, and telling him what they wanted him to do; that they should come up, once a week, to Mr. O'Reilly, and he would read over for them the letter he was going to send, and they should pay him so much a week for his trouble. Well, they all agreed to this; and the first week they went up, full of expectation, to hear what fine words Mr. O'Reilly would put their wishes in. But when he began to read, how they did stare at each other; one scratched his head; another would have interrupted him only for shame's sake; not a word could they understand from one end to the other. When Mr. O'Reilly had finished, he said, "There, boys; I defy any one to give you better value for your money than that letter; it shall go by this night's post, and all that are here present will be sure to find the good of it."

"Sir," says Tim Callaghan, "I have no doubt it's a very fine letter, but if I may make bold to say so, sorra word of it I could understand."

"How could you be expected to understand it, man," said Mr. O'Reilly; "sure it's Latin."

"Latin!" said Tim; "why, then, wouldn't you tell his honour in plain English what it was we wanted?"

"You ought to know," said Mr. O'Reilly, "that it's one of the regulations of the estate that no letter should ever be sent to the landlord except in Latin."

"Yerra, then," said Tim, "if that isn't the quare rule; and what's the reason of that, sir?"

"It ought to be reason enough for you," said Mr. O'Reilly, "that it is one of the regulations of the estate, and that's all need be said about it; however, I may tell you this—that Mr. Sherwin has tenants in France, too, and how would he look, if some of his tenants wrote to him in French and some of them in English; he likes uniformity you know. And if you were travelling in France, and if any of the tenants there asked you to join them in one of their petitions, how would you know what you were putting your name to, if the letter was in French?"

"Why, then, sir," says Tim, "if the Latin letters is no use till I come to travel in France, it's little good they are; and if the letter you read was in French itself, I'd understand as much of it as I do now; and, to my thinking, the best kind of uniformity would be, if every one was to write in the language they understood. However, sir, if it's one of the regulations of the estate there's nothing to be said again it. But, I suppose, sir, you won't want me to come up to hear the letter read every week. Sure I am willing to agree to it all without coming, since I'd be no wiser if I came."

"That won't do, at all, Tim," said Mr. O'Reilly; "it's only they that come and hear it read, and put their names to it, will get any benefit by it."

Well, I am afraid you'll think I am losing the thread of my story, by telling you all these regulations about the Latin letters; but, if I hadn't told you, I could not well have explained to you how it was that Tim was fairly gravelled now, when he could not get the landlord's letter. "Well," said he to himself, "that bates all, for quareness. Mr. O'Reilly won't give me the landlord's letter, because, he says, I couldn't understand it, and maybe he's right; but, if things I can't understand is bad for me, why does he make me go up every week to hear the Latin letters, that's written in a language that I'm told the devil himself can't understand. And, if the Latin I hear does me no harm, what harm could the landlord's letter do me, for it can't be harder than the Latin, supposing, even, there's not a plain word in the whole of it?"

It often happens that when one can't get a thing, that's the very reason one wishes for it, and so it was with Tim Callaghan; he came to be mighty curious about Mr. Sherwin's letter, and wondering what was in it, and how he could get it. And he remembered that Mr. O'Reilly said that he might give the letter to those that could bring him written orders from Mr. Grip. So the next time Tim was up paying his rent, he contrived to have some talk with Mr. Grip; and at last he brought the subject round to the letter, and to Mr. Grip not allowing it to be read by the tenantry. But, though Tim had spoken respectfully enough, as he thought, Mr. Grip fired up at once. "Who dare say such a thing," says he, "as that I would be against the tenantry knowing anything the landlord wished them to be told. There's nothing that I wish more